

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems;
I have pictures of friends dear to me,
And I've trinkets so rare, that came many years ago,
From my far distant home across the sea,
But there's one little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,
Better far, than all the wealth beneath the wave,
Tho' a small faded flow'ret, I pluck'd in childhood's days,
'Tis a flow'r from my angel mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my mem'ry, like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave;
And my heart fondly clings to the dry and withered leaves,
'Tis a flow'r from my angel mother's grave [Repeat twice.]

In the quiet country church yard they laid her down to sleep;
Close beside the old home she's at rest,
And the low, and sacred mound is enshrined within my heart
By the sweet ties of love forever blest,
In the still and silent night, I often dream of home again,
And the visitor tells me ever to be brave;
For the last link that binds me to that place I love so well,
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.

*Treasured in my mem'ry, like &c.

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